

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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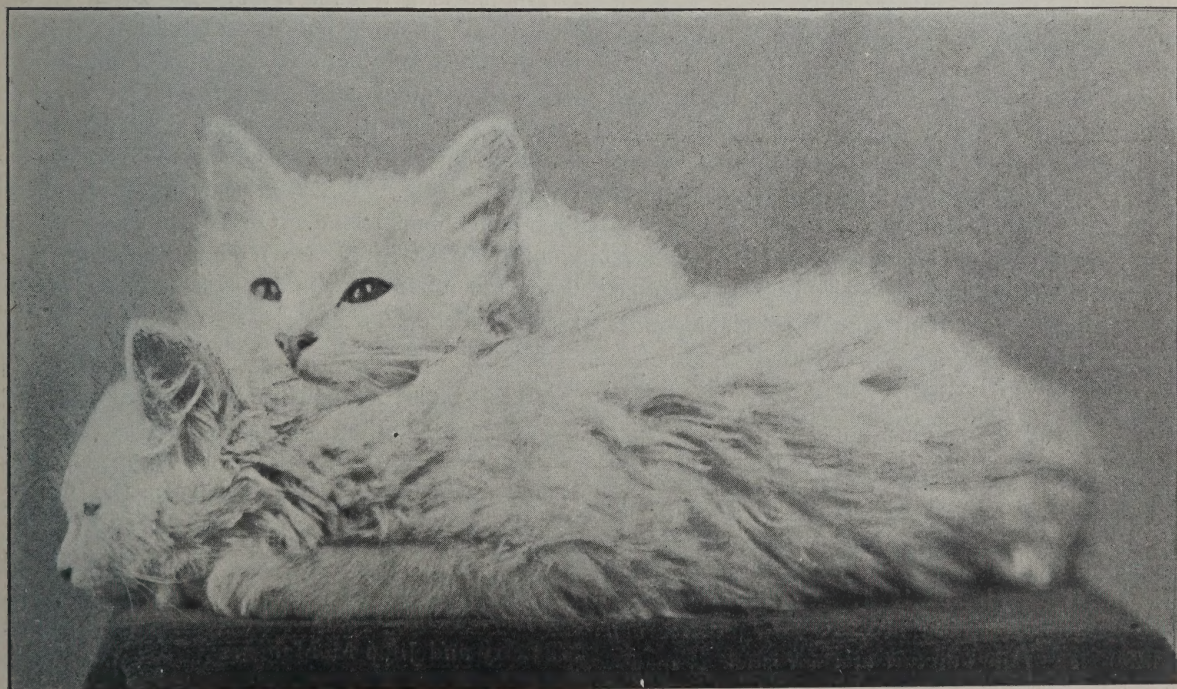
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TWINS.



WHAT HUMANE WORKERS ARE DOING



The American Humane Association held its annual meetings at St. Louis, November 2, 3, 4. Dr. Albert Leffengwell of New York was elected president; Mr. Alfred Millard of Omaha, treasurer; and Mrs. Mary F. Lowell of Wyncote, Pennsylvania, secretary. The directors are chosen from different states. Committees were appointed to consider important questions involving the interests of children and animals. Some excellent papers were read, which will be given in part or entire when the report is published.

Reports were sent to this convention from between seventy and eighty humane societies, and one fact was noticeable in looking over these reports, the very small number of prosecutions compared with the number of cases of cruelty reported. For example, taking some of these reports at random, 3,203 cases of cruelty and 142 prosecutions; 3,069 cases and 40 prosecutions; 8,339 cases and 64 prosecutions; 5,585 cases and 35 prosecutions; 1,927 cases and 76 prosecutions. A few reports show a little more encouraging results. From Washington, D. C., 19,796 cases and 959 prosecutions; from the Mohawk and Hudson River Humane Society, 11,864 cases and 921 prosecutions; from Pittsburgh, Pa., 1,877 cases and 398 prosecutions; from Wilkesbarre, Pa., 420 cases and 98 prosecutions; from Warren, Ohio, 64 cases and 23 prosecutions; from Houston, Texas, 142 cases and 63 prosecutions. Most of these societies include children and animals.

Reports that deserved serious attention and that should be widely read were received from states where cattle and sheep are raised. The agent of the Maine State Society, of which the Hon. Stanley T. Pullen is president, had a printed report dated March 23, 1904, in which he gives facts and photographs that show how much cruel indifference to the comfort of their stock is manifested by some stock raisers. On Nash's Island, situated in Pleasant River Bay, in one space of about fifteen feet square were twelve dead sheep,

while along the sea wall for quite a distance, in various positions, were fifteen sheep that had also died from starvation and exposure. This island was barren and there was no shelter or provision made in any way for the sheep.

On Cone Island, also barren, the agent found seventeen sheep dead and sixty-eight in a very weak condition. Some of them could hardly stand, and by the appearance of their wool and skin it was evident that they had gnawed at each other's wool. There were two old buildings on this island, both boarded up, the reason given for this being that if the sheep could get into shelter during a storm they would starve before they would venture out in search of food.

On Flat Island, Mr. C. C. Plummer of Addison had built a very comfortable shelter, and the flock of forty sheep appeared in fairly good condition. On Tibbitt's Island three rams were found, two dead, and one just alive, which was taken away and cared for. There was a filthy and broken-down shed on the island, but no provision for food. Flint Island is wooded, but there is no chance for sea food and the agent found thirty sheep there in a weak and starving condition. On Dyer's Island it was the same. Big Birch Island is wooded, but devoid of anything on which the sheep can subsist in winter, and on this island sheep were found dead and dying. On Norton's Island were nine dead sheep, and a tumble-down building, in the ruins of which the sheep had crawled to die. Fourteen starving sheep were found on Sand Island. On Brisko Island there were forty sheep in a wretched condition, two dead, and no food. On Wass Island there were twenty-three dead sheep.

To this report is added this suggestion: "Upon careful consideration we have come to the conclusion that sheep should not be kept on these islands, wooded or barren, during the winter months, and we would recommend that the legislature pass a law prohibiting sheep being kept on these islands during the months of December, January, February and March." Signed, Eben N. Perry and John McManus.

Upon the presentation of this report to the president of the State Society, the state agent,

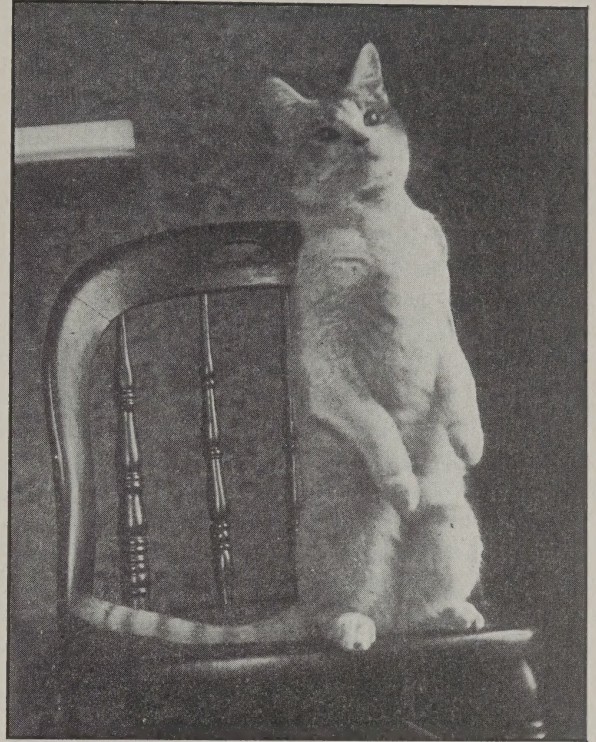
Mr. McManus, was authorized to place the matter before the grand jury for Washington County, and indictments were returned against six sheep owners, all of whom pleaded guilty and promised to provide food and shelter for their flocks. This is encouraging, as in 1900, when the starvation and suffering of the sheep were brought before the grand jury at Machias, although the cases were made perfectly clear, the jury failed to find indictments, the local influence being too strong for this jury to resist.

No one can picture the suffering that is constantly inflicted on the sheep and cattle that are intended for food. Few men or women are willing to hear about it, yet there is no greater injustice on the face of the earth than this injustice to the domestic animals that might serve their useful purpose and live and die comfortably if men and women would not close their eyes and their ears to the cruel wrongs inflicted on them. Something should be done and something might be done to prevent much of this suffering, which in a certain way reflects upon mankind, but reports from most of the humane workers show that the laborers in this field are few, and the amount of money given to carry on the work so small that the work is badly hampered.

When we know a thing is wrong we should not rest easy until it is righted. No matter how hopeless a cause may seem, determination will conquer in the end. "Is this necessary? This shall be," is the only motto for workers in a good cause. The auction sale of old horses, the terrible suffering of cattle on the plains and in transportation, the suffering of little calves and sheep, all show that greater and more general interest is needed in humane work. It will not take anything from other good causes: this is an unreasonable excuse for not giving money to humane work. Nine-tenths of the suffering of children and older people originates in cruel disregard of what another living creature may suffer. The teaching of justice to every creature, high or low, in the order of creation is going to reform the whole world.

Dean Stanley said, "Any act of mercy, even to the humblest and lowliest of God's creatures, is an act that brings us near to God."

STORIES THAT ARE SAID TO BE TRUE



Buffie's Christmas

One Christmas morning when we were awaiting the postman some one said, "Buffie, what do you expect for a Christmas present?" He seemed to catch the spirit of the day and try to express his interest by eagerly going through the little tricks he had been taught. Just then the postman arrived; one of the packages brought was directed to "Buffie B——, —— street, Boston," and contained two little cloth mice nicely packed in a box of catnip.

Buffie's joy knew no bounds. After eating the catnip he tossed his mice in the air and caught them, only to throw them up again and again, till at last they were taken from him and put in the drawer of the library table, which happened to be left open just far enough for a little paw to enter. He soon found the mice and was joyfully tossing them again; then they were taken from him and placed beyond his reach, only being given him to play with once in a while.

One day his mistress said, "Buffie, I must take a picture of you with your little mice and send it to Cousin Martha in New Hampshire, to show her how much you appreciate the nice Christmas present she sent you." When all was made ready and the camera in place, and he was told to "sit up," he was obedient and did his best.

He seemed to understand many words and sentences when spoken in an ordinary tone of voice, and would express his wants or show his affection by "sitting up." Often if he was hungry or wished a door to be opened he would assume that position and wait patiently till some one noticed him and attended to his wants.

The writer has known several other cats almost or quite as intelligent as Buffie, and is convinced that most cats, as well as dogs, are capable of showing much intelligence and affection if education and training are begun while young. Can it be that this life ends all for them? The faith of the primitive hunter who believed that

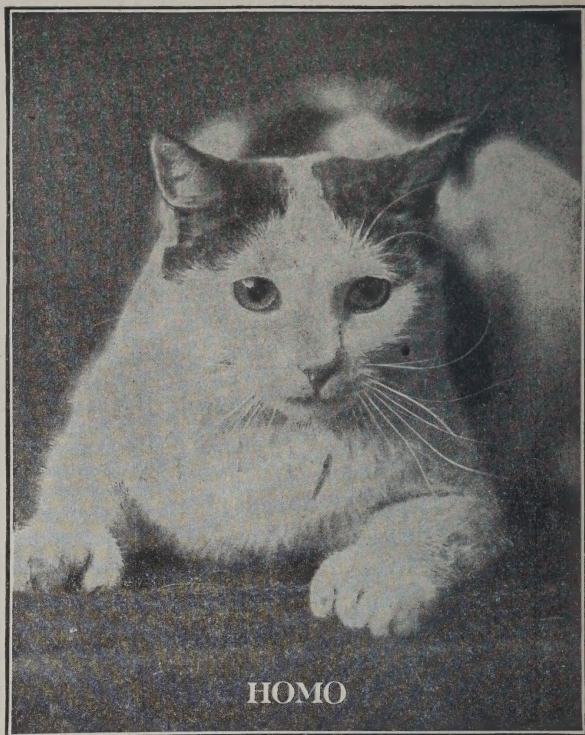
"Admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company,"

may yet prove to be the true solution of the mystery. Be that as it may, our faithful companions, the horse, the dog and the cat, deserve kind consideration and care.—H. A. B.

Homo and Simpkins

Homo and Simpkins are my two cats; and I wish that all the cats in America had as happy lives as they. Homo was born nearly eleven years ago on the Back Bay, Boston, near the Harvard Bridge, and this is the reason, or rather one reason, that he has such a classical name. The other reason is this: he is such a distinguished looking fellow, so dignified and scholarly (and was even as a kitten), that Tom, Dick or Jerry would have been a criminal misnomer; so we called him "Homo."

When he was a year old we moved over to New York. Homo was just as sorry as the rest of us to leave beautiful old Boston for this land of Philistines, but it was decreed that we should come. Homo had always had a playmate, his half-brother Bobbie. Bobbie stayed in Boston, and Homo was lonely, or we thought he was; so one day when we were in a restaurant not far from Madison Square, and a little kitten scampered up into my lap, and the proprietor said, "Don't you want it?" I said, "Yes. I'll take it for a playfellow



for Homo;" and I did. And that was Simpkins; and he and Homo have lived and played and slept together for ten years, and are the greatest chums in the world.

Just why we called him Simpkins I don't know. He was such a funny little chap, with shrewd eyes and badly bowed legs, that he got a new name every day. Finally somebody called him Simpkins and the name stuck. It seemed in some indefinite way to describe his idiosyncrasies, his aggressive angularity, and general New York obtrusiveness; and Simpkins he has been ever since.

From the first Simpkins conceived a great admiration for Homo, but Homo was a long time making up his mind as to the desirability of becoming too familiar with this picked-up New Yorker; but gradually he melted and after a few months they became bosom friends and have remained so to this day.

But they are as different as any two humans. Homo is stately, gentle and generous, the very essence of good breeding; so gentle that he will play with a mouse for half an hour and not hurt it in the least; and so generous that he always leaves the last piece of roast beef on his plate for Simpkins. He is always ready for his meals, but

never clamorous. Simpkins, on the other hand, is, I am afraid, almost as selfish as a great many people. He is breezy and boisterous, demands his breakfast before anybody else has had any, and keeps in the centre of the stage generally. But he is as bright as a New York newsboy, and as full of humor as Mark Twain.

And then we are very fond of Simpkins because of a terrible experience he went through. When he was three years old, a big fat fellow of sixteen pounds, he fell out of a sixth-story window. We picked him up bruised and bleeding, and cared for him like a child. The veterinary said there were no bones broken and he might pull through; and he did. But for two or three weeks he was a very sad looking Simpkins. Several times we thought he was dead, and many times we were on the point of giving him chloroform. But he is very glad we didn't, because after a month's time he was around almost as chipper as ever and he has had seven very happy years since then, even if he never did get back those fourteen teeth that that terrible fall knocked out of his hard little head.

They have been great travellers, these two cats. Every June they get into their baskets and take a nine hours' trip up into the hills of Pennsylvania, where they romp and climb trees to their hearts'

content; and in the fall they get into their baskets again—this time very reluctantly—and come steaming back to New York. They never ride in the baggage car, but always with us; and when we come to the tunnels—and we have to ride through five—and they begin to complain about the bad air, we tell them it's all right, and they settle down in perfect contentment.

Everybody who sees them says what wonderfully intelligent and good-natured cats they are, and I always reply, that all cats are intelligent and good-natured when they are kindly treated.—Mae M. Lyon, New York.

What happened to Nellie

A CHRISTMAS STORY

It was midnight, but Mrs. Macey still sat by the side of her sick child. Sometimes Lucy seemed to fall asleep, and Mrs. Macey's tired face looked more hopeful, but in a few minutes the child would start up in bed, the feverish flush in her cheeks coming and going, and cry out, "Mamma, mamma, I am sure I heard Nellie barking at the door. Oh, please run quick and see if she's come back;" and Mrs. Macey would again go down the two flights of stairs to please the sick child, although she went without hope.

"Tell me again, mamma. What did the boy look like that stole her?"

"My dear, I can't tell you anything more. He was about twelve, I should think, and he had on a good overcoat, and he snatched Nellie up just as she was coming after me around the corner, and then he ran so fast I could not follow him far, though I ran after him until I almost fainted."

"Oh, what a wicked, cruel boy he must be, mamma! What do you suppose he will do with her? Do you suppose he has sold her? Have you told the police?"

"I told our policeman, dear, and he will do all he can, but he says there are a good many dog thieves around the city. You must try to sleep, dear child. You can't get Nellie any quicker by worrying so."

"I can't help it, mamma. If I knew she was dead, if I could see her dead, I wouldn't feel so bad; but I know if she is alive she will miss me so, and she slept here on my bed every night, and—oh, I can't bear it!"

The fever was mounting higher, and Lucy's mother, alarmed at the child's condition, gave her



a soothing medicine the doctor had left that day to be used only if necessary, and after a time she slept.

But Mrs. Macey could not sleep, tired though she was. Lucy, her only child, had been very sick. She was just getting better when her little dog, her companion for five years, had been stolen, and she was too weak to bear it.

Nellie had on a pretty collar marked with Mrs. Macey's address and a license number, so it was quite certain that the boy who took her meant to steal her. Mrs. Macey advertised the dog at once, hoping that the offer of a reward would tempt the boy, but she was too poor to offer much. She had not even five dollars at that time to spare, and she had been wondering how she could get Lucy any Christmas present this year, but Lucy loved the little dog so much her very life might depend upon finding her. The cruel things that were done to dogs and cats were constantly on Lucy's mind too, and she had rapidly grown worse since Nellie had been stolen.

Meanwhile what had happened to Nellie? The boy ran with her down an alley, through one or two other alleys and dark streets, and finally came to a door that he opened as if used to the house. He went up a narrow flight of stairs into a large, dark room, where there was a sound of dogs whining softly. Occasionally there was a bark, but this would be followed by a curse and a blow and a sharp yelp of pain, then silence.

A brutal-looking man came out of the darkness and turned up the gas. "What you got?" he asked the boy. The boy dragged the dog out from under his coat. The man gave the boy a rough push and then kicked at the trembling little dog.

"Don't be bringing mongrels here. If you haven't got better sense than that you keep clear of this place."

"Can't you give me anything for her?" asked the boy.

"Not a red cent; she isn't worth it. You carry her back and drop her where you got her. Now get out. You'll get me into trouble yet."

The boy turned sullenly away and went down the stairs, carrying Nellie with him. When he got out on the sidewalk he looked up and down the street. No one was in sight, so he dragged the collar roughly over Nellie's head, kicking her when she yelped with pain. The dog, wild with terror, ran, and the boy, putting the collar in his pocket, strolled in the opposite direction.

Nellie started in the right direction for home, with that wonderful instinct that dogs and cats possess, and had it not been for another misfortune she might have reached home that night and this story not been written, but as she ran a rough crowd of boys met her. One of them had a bulldog with him, which he promptly set on Nellie. Frightened almost to madness by the hooting of the boys and by the big dog at her heels, Nellie ran for her very life. As she ran one or two stones hit her, but on she went, like the wind, while the boys, seeing a policeman ahead, called their dog and ran down a dark street.

Breathless and nearly dead, poor Nellie found refuge under the broken doorsteps of an old wooden house in an alleyway and dropped like a dead creature down on the ground well out of sight.

The wretched little creature lay there all night. When morning came she tried to crawl out for a drink of water, for her mouth was dry and parched, but it hurt her so when she attempted to stand up that she fell back again, whimpering and gasping with pain. Afternoon came and another night. The cold wind whistled under the broken doorstep, and Nellie shook like a leaf. Once more she attempted to crawl out and try to find her way home. Her leg was stiff and sore, and she could not stand on it, but hunger and thirst and a great longing for home gave her strength, and she limped slowly and painfully along the sidewalk, often stopping to rest and to think which way to turn to find her loving mistress.

It was early in the morning when Nellie saw some boys coming, and fright seized her again. What would they do to her? But this time she had found friends. A boy of fourteen and another younger boy hurried toward her. She tried to run, but in a few minutes one of the boys had her in his arms. She snapped at him at first, for this was her only way of defence, but he was not afraid, and he stroked her gently and spoke to her. "Poor little thing!" he said. "You look as if you'd had a hard time."

"What will you do with her? Carry her home?" asked his companion.

"I can't. Mother told me never to bring another dog in the house. She'd turn it out, I'm afraid. Can't you take her home?"

"Mother wouldn't let me keep her, I know," said the other.

"What have you got, boys?" asked a pleasant-looking woman who was passing by.

"A little dog. It's hurt, and we don't know what to do with it," they answered.

"Well, I'll tell you. You carry it to 51 Carver street to the Animal Rescue League. They take in all the homeless dogs and cats. Here, I'll pay your fares," and she handed the boys each ten cents, then told them what car to take to go to the place.

Half an hour later the two boys were carrying Nellie through the yard into the cottage kennels, where the dogs of the League had just finished their breakfast.

A man in attendance took the little dog in his arms and put her carefully down on the floor and gave her a dish of water and another little pan of cooked meat with bread.

Poor little Nellie was too frightened at first to eat, but she drank the water as if she were nearly choked with thirst, as indeed she was. The man left her to herself, and after a while she got courage to eat the food he left for her. A little later two workers at the League came to the room and lifted her up and examined her.

"I think she is the dog that was advertised, the dog belonging to the sick child. See the white spot on her breast?" said one.

"I wouldn't wonder," answered the other.

"We will send some one to the address this morning. If this is the dog advertised for, the sick child ought to have her as soon as possible."

It was Saturday morning and the day before Christmas. Lucy's mother had long been planning a surprise for her daughter. She had been saving up money to buy her a large doll and a game of picture cards to make her days of confinement to the house less wearisome; but now this had to be given up. The advertising had taken half the money, and the rest might yet be claimed for a reward. "Oh, if Nellie could only be returned," thought Mrs. Macey, "Lucy would not care for any other Christmas gift."

The child lay back on the pillow very white. She had no interest in anything, and her mother was in despair. Mrs. Macey took in sewing to support herself and her child, but that morning she had no heart to sew. Some one was heard coming up the second flight of stairs, and then there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Macey opened the door, and a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy stood there. She took him in her little sewing



TRouble AND HER LITTLE FAMILY.
The dog who earns her living selling newspapers.

room and closed the door leading into the room where Lucy was.

"Did you advertise for a little dog?" asked the boy.

"Yes; have you got her?" asked Mrs. Macey breathlessly.

"We think so, but you will have to go to the Animal Rescue League and see if it's the one. Those little yellow dogs look a good deal alike, you know. I am the office boy at the League. Can you go with me now?"

"Yes, I'll go right away." Mrs. Macey went back to Lucy and said, "I shall have to go out for a little while, dear, and I'll ask Mrs. Grant to look in on you."

"Don't get me anything for Christmas, mamma. I couldn't bear it," Lucy said, the tears coming into her eyes.

"All right, dear; I'll be back soon." Then Mrs. Macey and the boy went away.

Of course we know it was Nellie, but no one not seeing could know the joy of the meeting. Mrs. Macey laughed and cried, and Nellie almost forgot her lame paw as she tried to jump up to reach Mrs. Macey's face. When they had left the kennel and were back in the office a few questions brought out the whole story.

"Wait just a few moments," the matron said. "No, we sha'n't take any reward, but I want to speak to the president." Mrs. Macey begrudged every moment that kept Nellie from Lucy, but she was so grateful she waited, and very soon the matron appeared again and put a large box into her hand. "Don't open that until evening. It is for Christmas."

It is useless to describe Lucy's joy when her mother came in and put Nellie in her old place on the bed by the child. In the evening, when Lucy was quietly sleeping, Nellie's little yellow head resting on her arm, Mrs. Macey thought of the box. She longed to give Lucy something for Christmas, but she was determined to reward the boy, whose address she had taken, and she had no money to spare.

"I may look in the box now, I think, as it is Christmas eve," she said to herself; then she opened it.

There lay a pretty doll, all dressed. There were two cheerful games, a story book, a small box of candy, a little cape to throw over Lucy's shoulders when she sat up and a smaller box marked for Mrs. Macey, which contained two handkerchiefs, a pair of warm gloves and a necktie. Such a Christmas she had never imagined. Then there was a little note inviting her to a Christmas supper at the League the Wednesday after Christmas and telling her that all these good things were sent by kind friends of the League who wanted the home for the dogs and cats to be a joy and a blessing to every living creature.—A. H. S.

HUMANE EDUCATION

Animals Asleep

THE YOUNG AND THE AGED SHOULD NOT BE
WAKENED NEEDLESSLY

That a baby once sound asleep must on no account be awakened is one of the cast-iron laws of physicians and nurses, but few people ever stop to consider that the same rule holds good with the young of every other animal. Hardly any one, even the professed lover of domestic pets, feels the slightest compunction about snatching up a puppy settled for a comfortable nap, and a sleeping kitten is even more the butt for this species of rude imposition. Sleep is regarded as a luxury for a little plaything of this kind, whose mission in life is to amuse and divert. So nobody makes any bones of waking it up either roughly or by a series of furtive caresses, and the sleepy mite often tries in vain for the rest that is so essential to its comfort and health.

Particularly is this the case where there are small children in the family. It is all very well to want to have a puppy to bring up with baby, but the puppy usually gets the worst of the bargain. Animals mature so much more rapidly than the young of the human race that by the time the baby is a lad of ten the puppy that grew up with him is an elderly dog. A dog of twelve is venerable, while a boy of twelve is in the heyday of boisterous animal spirits and a love of teasing. Aged animals, like very young animals, should be allowed their little snoozes and forty winks without risk of interruption.

Killing Birds

"While the Humane Society is active in the prosecution of persons who are cruel to their animals, I believe that some one ought to take a hand in the prosecution of large and small boys who are busy killing and wounding the birds which have come to the island for the summer," said a gentleman in Galveston, Texas. "There is not a street in the city where trees grow but what is hunted over and over every day by a crowd of boys who with their bean-shooters or slingshots put in the day killing and maiming birds. Some of these boys are at least sixteen and seventeen years of age and old enough to know better, and if they were half as earnest about other things in life as they are about killing the little songsters they would succeed in anything they attempted and become honorable citizens. The other day I was walking down Broadway—and, by the way, birds are plentiful there, or were—and I saw a crowd of eight or ten boys, ranging in age from ten to seventeen years, each with a bird-killer, and before I could approach them near enough to speak a word of warning two birds were fluttering on the ground before them. Both were badly wounded, one with a broken wing and the other with a broken leg. At my approach the boys crossed the street, leaving the wounded birds upon the ground to suffer tortures and perhaps die only after hours of intense pain. Picking them up, I killed both to put them out of their misery, and then turned to find the boys, but they had disappeared. Speaking of this instance to a friend, he recited to me similar experiences, and with me he will enter into a campaign against the boys who are so wantonly cruel and heartless. If there is any law on the subject we

will do our part to see that it is enforced, and we will not hesitate for a minute on account of the social prestige of the parents. It is time bird killing was stopped in Galveston, for we have few enough of the feathered songsters and need all that are willing to come to the island."

What this Galveston man has said of boys in his city may equally well apply in Massachusetts. Boys go out in squads to maim and to kill the birds, squirrels and cats. In Dorchester there is much complaint of the cruelty and lawlessness of boys. Eight or ten boys were seen recently all in pursuit of one small squirrel. With sticks and stones they chased it. At first the little creature, accustomed to be fed by residents on the street, hardly tried to escape. He did not realize his danger, and in a moment he would have been bruised or stunned by one of the missiles aimed at him, had the boys not been made to halt for a moment by a woman passing by. Men were passing and would not interfere. The boys were insulting and almost dangerous, but they were held in check long enough for the squirrel to escape. In this part of Dorchester the squirrels have been stoned to death in the trees, their legs have been broken, they have been caught and dragged around with cords attached to their legs, and so far no arrest has been made.

What will these boys be eventually? Some persons say that they will come out all right in the end, but I have never known a cruel boy to make a good man. I have observed such boys carefully. I have in mind three who have turned out very badly. These three boys were never checked at home in their cruel ways. They tortured cats and dogs, had cockfights, robbed birds' nests, stoned birds and squirrels, and later they blighted the lives of those who loved and trusted them and were failures in every way. They had no feeling for suffering, no sentiment of pity, no idea of justice.

Mothers and school-teachers can plant no better seed for the future happiness and prosperity of the children in their care than the seeds of kindness to every living creature, but to do this mothers and teachers must themselves have learned the value of kindness as one, we might say the most important, factor in building up a character that will be respected and loved.



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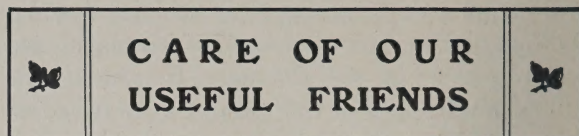
COMPANIONS.

An Educated Horse

So much has been claimed for Hans, the educated horse in Berlin, that many persons who believed that the horse was actually capable of being taught to add, subtract and do difficult sums of arithmetic in his head, felt very much displeased with the captain of cavalry, who succeeded in approaching the horse while his manager was absent and found that he could not answer any of the questions he was said to be so familiar with. Pressed hard by the captain, the manager was forced into the admission that the answers all came through signs that any intelligent horse could be taught, in other words that Hans was a very bright trick horse. Those who succeed in teaching horses or dogs to do such remarkable tricks would win more general praise if they did not claim too much. The cavalry captain denounced Hans and his owner as frauds. This was rather unkind, for undoubtedly the horse possessed unusual intelligence and docility, and the man had a remarkable faculty for educating the horse to do these tricks, which delighted the public.

If a horse is capable of doing sums of arithmetic in his head that would puzzle a grammar school boy it is time that the world began to realize what an intelligent animal they are making a slave of. Schools for horses should be founded, and scientific

men should turn their attention to their education and find out how far they can be led in reading and arithmetic. Colts should go to school before they are put in harness, and be taught obedience, not by the whip and the halter, but through the medium of their reasoning faculties. This opens up a new field of research and certainly a far more desirable field than that upon which men enter who consider all the lower animals as incapable of carrying on any mental processes or even of feeling any pain. If we are going to err let us err on the side of overestimate rather than underestimate of the lower animals. There is no doubt about most of them knowing and feeling much more than we give them credit for, though it is difficult for some of us who love them to have quite faith enough in their intellectual capacities to believe that we can make them ready scholars in mathematics.



Slippery Asphalt

The danger to horses from the sprinkling of asphalted streets in New York has been taken up energetically by President Haines of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Mr. Haines is reported by a Tribune reporter as saying:

"Ten years ago, when asphalt was first introduced, I warned the city of the danger to horses if it was permitted to get in a slippery condition. I argued that it was incumbent on the city to take proper care of it; in freezing weather to have it cleaned and sanded; in warm weather to wash and flush it thoroughly. When moistened by a sudden shower or by sprinkling it becomes dangerous, not only to animals, but to human beings as well. It becomes a positive menace to pedestrians compelled to walk across it, especially to women with long skirts.

"When asphalt is sprinkled it becomes so slippery that no horse, however sure-footed, is safe walking over it. In trotting the horse is likely to slip at any moment, and in turning a corner the danger is even greater. Yet the danger of falling is not the only danger of slippery asphalt. The horse appreciates that danger much more vividly than his master, and the continual strain of avoiding a fall wearies him and makes him nervous, so that a gentle animal may often become restive. Rubber shoes, covering the frog of a horse's foot, make one safeguard against falling, but the streets of a city like New York should not be in a condition necessitating the use of a mechanical safeguard.

"Since the practice of sprinkling asphalt streets was instituted the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has killed several thousand horses on account of injuries received in slipping on asphalt. Many of them were fine blooded animals belonging to well known people. Broken limbs are not the only accidents that result from sprinkling. Drivers are often unable to check the momentum of vehicles and horses are killed by colliding with other wagons and by being pierced with the points of shafts. There are many ignorant and youthful drivers who know nothing of taking

Dogs have undoubtedly been taught to understand that a certain combination of letters means something they like or want. Dogs that are not carefully taught catch up a number of words when they live in one family a long time. My little dog, for example, without any effort on my part, has learned to understand the words, "Get up in your chair"; "Go up" or "Go down stairs"; "Go to bed"; "Chocolate"; "Ice cream"; "See who's coming" (he will jump up in a chair and look out the window when we say that); "Take your bone in the kitchen"; "Going to walk"; "I'll call Bunny" (this is when he refuses his dinner. Bunny is the cat); "Get your ball"; "Smile"; "Naughty dog"; "No, no," and other little sentences commonly used in talking to him. Some dogs have been taught to answer sums given them in addition and subtraction, but the secret of these tricks has been revealed, and so far no proof has been shown that satisfied any but the very credulous that a dog, however intelligent he may be, is able to puzzle out a sum in arithmetic.

J. Pierpont Morgan paid \$10,000 for four colts last summer. It would be interesting to know how much he has given out of his great wealth to protect dogs and other animals from cruelty.

Aristotle says, "If any one thinks the study of other animals despicable he must despise his own nature."

precautions. This should be all the more reason for keeping the streets in the best possible condition."

Investigation by Mr. Haines showed, curiously enough, that all the sprinkling done in the city is done by a corporation formed in West Virginia, called the Street Sprinkling Association, over whom the Department of Street Cleaning has not the slightest command.

Cats Have Varied Likes

"I see items in the papers sometimes saying that all cats like this or that article of diet," said the man in the household pet store, as reported in the New York Sun. "Now those tales are true and at the same time they aren't true, because no two cats that I ever saw liked the same kind of food.

"There are no animals that vary so much in their ways and tastes and habits as cats. You take any two dogs of the same breed and their ways are pretty much alike. But cats vary a great deal more than people. This shows in the things they like to eat.

"There's Tom and Nancy, those two white Angoras over there. They both like cooked meat and milk, but after that they differ. Tom goes perfectly daffy over green peas; Nancy won't touch peas, but she'll eat beans in any form until she looks as though she'd swallowed a baseball. Nancy likes green corn, too. Tom won't touch it.

"Then I've known a cat that would eat oranges—after you'd peeled them—as long as you would feed them to her. She'd turn up her nose at any other kind of fruit. I've heard of still another cat that liked apples; and another, a pampered pet in a rich house, makes bananas and cream her staple diet. There's a big row in that house if her bananas and cream aren't there when she gets up in the morning.

"I've known other cats that were fond of cake and carrots and creamed potatoes and boiled onions and cheese. In fact, there isn't anything in the range of human diet, except highly seasoned dishes, that some cat or other hasn't picked as a favorite food.

"I suppose that olives come nearest to being liked by all cats, but there are some that won't touch olives. Even in the matter of milk their tastes vary. One cat wants cream and isn't at all modest about asking for it. One refuses cream

and likes milk as thin as possible. I had one big Tomcat who wouldn't touch his milk until it was warmed.

"All cats are supposed to go daffy over catnip, but the rule falls down even there. That big black Tom over in the corner would never look at it."



FAIRY.

From "Yours With All My Heart," published by L. C. Page & Co.

New Dog Story

Yours with all My Heart, by Mrs. Esther Baxendale, is a pleasing story of Fairy, Mrs. Baxendale's little gazelle hound. The dog tells her own story and weaves in with it the stories of other dogs, her acquaintances and neighbors. The book is attracting a good deal of attention. It is finely illustrated by Etheldred Breeze Barry.

The annual fair of the League will take place December 7 at Copley Hall as before announced. An account of its success will be given in the January issue of this paper. Articles and money have been sent from many different states. Twenty-five dollars and a package of articles for sale were brought to the League by a gentleman who did not leave his name. We would be glad to know the address of the giver, as we are trying to send a note of thanks to all who send donations to the fair.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK

That excellent publication, *The Vogue*, has given the following interesting facts in relation to the demand women make for egret plumes:

"James Barton, presumably of Los Angeles, California, since the record of his misdoings is published in the *Times* of that place, is a professional egret hunter of ten years' experience. Not so long ago he returned from a trip to the Tehuantepec isthmus, whither he had gone in quest of the little egret for its plumes. A short account of his experiences is given here in the hope it will meet the attention of members of Audubon societies. Mr. Barton has hunted the swamps of Louisiana, of Florida, of Southern Mexico for years, and gathered thus far five thousand plumes of the first class, which bring about \$80 a pound. The little egret is a member of the heron family, white in color and a native of the western continent. The plumes, which are of great value, are attached to the shoulder of the bird and are only three in number, so that a great many birds have to be killed. Mr. Barton worked among the marshes of the Trinidad river on the isthmus. By building blinds and getting behind them, he was able to bag the egrets that feed in the little isthmian lakes and swamps. Mr. Barton and his egret activity are commended to the attention of all associations of animal lovers."

In contrast to this slaughter, which goes on with but little hindrance in our so-called Christian country, *Vogue* gives this account of Japan:

"Japan is, as every Sunday school scholar is taught, one of the heathen nations, and is, in the estimation of this Christian one, vastly inferior to us. This is how this alleged heathen nation treats animals, the authority for the statements being Professor Morse in the *Youth's Companion*. Birds build their nests in city houses; wild fowl, geese and ducks alight in the public parks. A dog goes to sleep in the busiest streets; men turn aside so as not to disturb him. One day a beautiful heron alighted on the limb of a tree, and the busy, jostling throng stopped. No one attempted to injure the bird, but several persons began sketching him. Where is the city in this country where birds, fowls and animals could go on their way thus unmolested?"

My Fox Terrier

A little demon in defence;
Brave as a lion he.
I wish I had the courage
Of this atom on my knee.

A little universe of love,
Unselfish as the sea.
I wish I did by others
As he has done by me.

A little lump of loyalty
No power could turn from me.
I wish I had a heart as true,
From fear and favor free.

A little fountain full of faith,
Forgiveness, charity.
I wish I had his patience
And true nobility.

A little flash of fire and life,
Whate'er the summons be.
I wish that I could face the world
With half his energy.

A little white fox terrier,
In whose brown eyes I see
The little windows of a soul
Too large to live in me.

Harry W. French in *New York Independent*.

A cat was reported to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of Jersey City as "mad" and a request was made for an agent to come at once and kill it. When the agent arrived he found the cat was frothing at the mouth and biting at any one who tried to touch her. Upon examination it was found that the cat was suffering severely from an ulcer in the roof of her mouth.

A big Newfoundland dog was frightened by some boy who began chasing him. The crowd soon increased, men joining the boys in the chase, and of course the cry of "mad dog" was raised. Then stones and finally pistol shots were fired at the terror-stricken animal and at last he ran into a yard to escape his wicked pursuers when he was shot by one of the crowd.

A little yellow dog was so unfortunate as to have a fit on a Washington side street and at once attracted a crowd of men and boys who began to stone him. Once he fell, stunned by a stone, but he was up and off again before the cowards who were chasing him could kill him, and finally he escaped.

WE SUGGEST**"Yours With All My Heart"**

The Autobiography of the beautiful Italian gazelle hound FAIRY, by Esther M. Baxendale. Elaborately illustrated from photographs and many spirited drawings by E. B. Barry. 12mo, decorative cover, \$1.50

From
Page's
List

as an ideal Gift Book for Children

"It is worth a place in every heart and home in the land. It is a dog story that both children and adults would be bettered by reading."—*Rev. John Lindsay Withrow, D. D., Park Street Church, Boston.*

"It is worthy to be ranked with the other beautiful animal stories which have done so much good in arousing the interest of our youth in dumb animals, — 'Beautiful Joe' and 'Black Beauty.' May the book go far and wide and carry wherever it goes the message of tender consideration for our dumb friends."—*Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., Pres. United Society of Christian Endeavor.*

"Tenderly told chapters, purporting to be the biography of a little dog. That the author herself loves both dogs and children is evident, and good friends of either will appreciate and commend the book, which is an interesting contribution to the printed lore of canine love and appreciation."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Written for children and dedicated to household pets, the book is to be commended for its kindly purpose of teaching tenderness toward all dumb creatures and for its evident sincerity as a memorial to a thoroughbred dog."—*Boston Transcript.*

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY, . . . BOSTON

**LEAGUE NEWS
AND NOTES**

The large white bull terrier who was wandering about the Common for several weeks, sleeping under the benches at night and getting what food he could pick up from the bread and cake left by the workmen from their lunches, and thrown to the squirrels, also, it is said, by catching a squirrel when the pangs of hunger became unsupportable, is now an inmate of the League. He is a grateful, affectionate and playful fellow, but rather inclined to quarrel with other dogs, so he has one large yard all to himself, also a room in the cottage kennels. He knows his own room, and runs upstairs to the door of the room to be let in. A home in the country where there are no dogs very near, and where he will have his devotion rewarded by affection, is wanted for him. Only those who love dogs enough to be patient with him need apply.

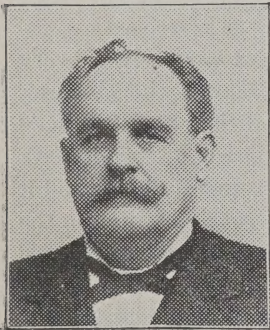
The Christmas neighborhood party given every year at the League will take place the Wednesday or Thursday following Christmas day instead of just before Christmas. These occasions have been very much enjoyed by young and old, and it is hoped that we shall be generously assisted in the coming celebration. As I have before stated, we cannot take money from the League treasury for our tree and supper, and are obliged to ask for money or for articles for the tree, and for refreshments, in order to be able to entertain all the children and mothers we wish to invite. Contributions may be sent to 51 Carver street, addressed to Mrs. Huntington Smith, for Christmas work. Please help us, if only by giving twenty-five cents, to have a happy Christmas at the League. Small candy bags, filled or not filled, to hang on the tree will be acceptable. Clothing of any kind, for children or adults, books, games and toys will be welcomed.

A woman with five children came to our last Christmas entertainment who had not a dollar to use on Christmas for her little family. All the chil-

dren had something given them, and their mother said it was the happiest Christmas she and the children ever had. Several infirm and two aged members of the League living in towns at a distance and in need of good cheer were made happy by Christmas parcels sent from the League, containing useful and needed gifts, such as shoulder capes, bedroom slippers and books. The work of the League opens up channels through which much good can flow to those whose needs would not otherwise have been known. Through the means of a cat one worthy and destitute woman has got provision made for her for life. Other cases of need are coming to us every few weeks through the work we are doing.

There is something very subtle in the action of Homeopathic Remedies on animals, who seem more susceptible to their action than human beings.

The lives of many pets have been saved by a timely dose of one of these remedies. Otis Clapp and Son, of Boston or Providence, will gladly give information of their use.



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BOSTON, - MASSACHUSETTS

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The press clipping industry was originated by the late Henry Romeike. His idea was to cater to the personality, aiming to supply artists, writers, actors and other persons in public life with comment concerning themselves. This idea was developed most successfully by Mr. Romeike; but Mr. Burrelle, a lawyer by education and a business man of wide range of experience, developed the idea to cover a much broader field. In the papers he found suggestions for the merchant, the contractor, and the supply house. He placed persons looking for opportunities to sell their goods in communication with probable buyers.

Many large corporations (industrial and otherwise) pay large sums of money to secure publicity, employing press agents for that purpose, and through the Burrelle Bureau they are able to keep tab successfully on the work performed by their representatives.

The ramification and development of the press clipping industry is not nearly understood nor appreciated by the average public, but that Mr. Burrelle has developed the industry far beyond the original purpose of the pioneer is readily conceded by all who have come in contact with him personally.—THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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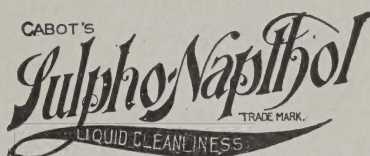
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